

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Ottawa Conference

AMERICAN papers have followed the conference of the self-governing dominions of the British commonwealth of nations meeting in Ottawa to study development of imperial trade. A good many Americans have been somewhat perturbed over the possibilities of the dominions and Britain hanging up on us and stifling our own foreign trade. Canada is a splendid customer of ours and Britain naturally would like to get this business. But Britain now sells a lot of goods to the old USA, the Hawley-Smoot tariff to the contrary notwithstanding, and Britain knows she can't sell us if she crowds us out of the Canada markets. Then each of the dominions is anxious to develop manufacturing of their own, and that is adverse to British interests.

We are not at all disturbed over what is transpiring at Ottawa. The delegates may sing lustily "God Save the King" but after that they are ready to look after No. 1; and that means each dominion wants to get the breaks its way. It looks for larger markets for its own goods whether raw materials or finished goods; and wants to gain that market with as little restriction on what and where it buys as possible.

Remembering the fate of various disarmament conferences and peace conferences of one kind and another the chances are sixteen to one that Ottawa isn't going to hurt us any. After they get through drinking a few rounds of ale and adopting rotary resolutions the old rule of every man for himself and devil take the hindmost will commence to operate.

Leslie Scott Returns

THE return of Leslie M. Scott to the chairmanship of the state highway commission will cause rejoicing all round. We should make an exception of the heads of organized labor in Portland whose threatened boycott of M. & F. indirectly forced the Scott resignation. But the people who use the roads and pay for them and the people who are interested in road building on an economical plan will be glad that Scott has returned because his management will be prudent, and he has shown remarkable capacity in a field in which he confessed he had previously had no experience — road engineering.

The governor is no doubt so glad that he has returned that he will do what he can to smooth his way. May we express the hope however that Scott will stifle any prima donna characteristics which might tempt him to tender his resignation when things irk him. He must know that an administration may have only one prima donna, and in this one he can't be it. So even if a lot of things don't exactly suit him, we hope Scott will carry on. His return brings fresh confidence in the highway commission, which needed only his invigorating presence as chairman to form a fine-working team.

"Happy Days Are Here Again"

(Without Apologies to Copyright Owner)

Happy days are here again,
... U. S. Steel at 32, up 10
The skies above are blue again,
... General Motors declared its dividend
Let's sing a song of cheer again,
... First 3 million share day this year
Happy days are here again,
... "The public (alias suckers) are buying"
Happy days are here again,
... Stock average up 18 points
There's no one who can doubt it now;
... Tel. & Tel. crosses 100
We'll tell the world about it now,
... "Shorts squeezed in Auburn"
Happy days are here again,
... Cities Service still out of sheriff's hands

Our cares and troubles we'll share

... Yes, indeed, Central Public Service

The above, sung to accompaniment of the stock ticker, is the melody on which the country hopes to be wafted back into 1929 prosperity.

Now that they are selling creme de menthe and martini hosiery in department stores who can say there's any prohibition left? But we'll bet the miss who sells 'em couldn't mix a tom and jerry.

These are the hottest days of the year, so people are seen' things. Ogopogo was seen again on Lake Okanagan. The ogopogo is the whoops of natural history in the upper country.

The depression is about over. Instead of Chicago ex-millionaires jumping out of tenth story windows we read of a college youth who ended it all because he was disappointed in love.

Harry Crain must be counting on using one of those quarterly stickers he "forecast". Up to yesterday afternoon he was still traveling on the old blue and white.

Johnny Raskob says he is out of politics. What, have the democrats paid off that first mortgage he holds on the party?

New Views

The Statesman caught the prevailing mood yesterday and asked this question about town: "How do you like this weather?"

Mrs. Tom Wood, homemaker: "I'm just about cooked!"

Mrs. R. H. White, homemaker: "Really, I don't mind it at all."

County Judge Stegmann: "I can stand it up to 110!"

Millie White, student: "Ask me if I like a snowstorm in April."

Lester Jones, student: "It's terrible."

MRS. McLAUGHLIN ILL

HUBBARD, Aug. 4.—Mrs. John McLaughlin, mother of Mrs. Lloyd Hopkins and Elton McLaughlin, has been ill at the home of her son, Elton for several weeks.

Daily Thought

"Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live."—Trollope.

BARR TRANSFERRED

SILVERTON, Aug. 4.—Robert Barr has been transferred from Portland to Sacramento, Cal., and with Mrs. Barr left by automobile Wednesday morning. Before going south, Mr. and Mrs. Barr spent a few days here as guests of Mr. Barr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Barr. Young Barr was formerly with the oil company at Silvertown.

Hands Across the Sea



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 5, 1907

Without a dissenting vote, the city council last night voted a request to the state railway commission that the Southern Pacific railway be required to make more adequate and sanitary its freight and passenger depots and grounds here. It was held that Salem is entitled to better facilities since more business is transacted here than in any other stations outside of Portland.

PORTLAND, Me. — Commander Robert E. Peary left here yesterday for New York, whence he will sail in a few days on his expedition to the north pole.

The biggest house ever moved in Salem, the Gray house which formerly occupied the premises at the corner of State and 14th streets, now rests on the Williamette university campus, facing Winter street, and next south of the medical college. It will house the university college of music.

August 5, 1929

"There isn't a spare house in Salem," is the opinion of one of the most observing realtors of the city. "It looks like there's an immense lot of house building, and there really is, but they don't go into the renting market."

Rev. D. H. Chambers, pastor-superintendent of the building for the new St. Paul's Episcopal church announced yesterday the church officers have had the foundation ready all this week for the laying of the walls but have found no brick masons free to come on to the job.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

IN summer and autumn cases of hay fever are all too common, this annoying and distressing disease afflicting thousands of people. Progress has been made in the treatment of hay fever, but unfortunately the number of sufferers far exceeds the number cured of the affliction.

Hay fever attacks sometimes are promoted by a sensitivity to certain plants, but frequently the attacks are not unlike attacks of asthma. They are traced to a sensitivity to certain proteins that may be in the food, in the clothing or housefurnishings, or they may come from animals about the house.

Every factor in the sensitivity must be studied before a cure can be expected. The substance which causes the attack may be determined by certain skin tests.

Sufferers from hay fever complain of itching and congestion of the eyes when exposed to the offending pollens, which are produced by the common trees, grasses and weeds.

The afflicted person has violent attacks of sneezing; there is a thin and irritating discharge from the nose; the inside of the mouth itches, and there is a desire to rub the eyes. These symptoms are usually worse in the morning, and they vary in severity, depending upon the individual.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

Homer would protest:

(Continued from yesterday.)

"His eyes sparkled as he straightened up in his chair alert. 'There, Homer, that's the barn door, and as awful as the storm is, we must get out to the barn and tie it shut, or this wind will tear off its hinges, . . . and what's more such a storm as this might tear the roof off the barn, if it gets under it. . . . There was nothing to do but put on all the rubber clothes we could find, tie them, and take a lantern and start for the barn, some 50 yards from the house.'"

"We held on to each other for protection, the light going out with almost the first awful crash of the storm. We hung onto each other for dear life, and bunted against a turkey and some chickens. They had been blown out of the trees where they were roosting, and were groping about on the ground. We reached the barn, got inside and stood for a moment almost exhausted, and drenched to the skin. . . . We rolled the lantern, for it was as black as pitch, and the roar of the storm as it

"Just at that moment through a lull of the noise of the dreadful night Jake McClaine yelled at us. 'We couldn't see him although he was as near as he could ride the way mare, owing to the four-foot walk. We yelled 'Where have you been?' He said in return he had been to Salem to see Bush, the banker there. 'Drove out,' said he; 'got back at dark, was wet through anyway and my hired man said that over town they believed the Huils up near Cedar Camp were all down with the diphtheria. And I got to thinking maybe they needed help, so I had the mare saddled and I am going up.'"

"Jake, my father called, 'are you crazy? Have you lost your wits entirely? Don't you know that when you get into the live timber in the mountains you will be struck every 20 feet by flying limbs?'"

"Well," said he, "I have thought of that, but there is no way to get around that belt of live timber, and I thought as I couldn't see at all, I might take a chance and dodge the best I can, so I'll be off."

"Jake, hold on. But no answer came from the dark night but the howling storm. We waited a moment till the sheets of water seemed to shift till we could call again, but no answer, and we got into the house."

"Father held me by the wet hand and looked me in the eyes with the expression of a wild man for fully a minute. 'Homer, I speak, then he said, 'Homer, I am a man. I am a man such a man is.' We got off our wet rubbers and coats and bundles and sat at the warm oak fire till nearly 2 o'clock, talking of Jake McClaine. We thought of him in this way: he, with Al Coolidge, have the best houses in all Silvertown, the finest, softest beds, with the biggest and best pillows; he has the best things to eat; the warmest fireplace; he doesn't need to work, yet he would leave all that to go 20 miles into the mountains through an eight-mile strip of big timber, off into the dead timber, to investigate into the health of just a family of poor mountain people that didn't know enough to move to the valley just because the trapper and hunter that he was. It was a trip that all the money in the world couldn't have hired me to make."

"But this wasn't all that gave us food for talk, as father said: 'It was this same Jake McClaine, this man with unkempt hair and beard, with one pant leg in his boot and the other out, that came when my family was down to death's level with smallpox, when we lived in the hills (Waldo hills); when neighbors, yes, even

relatives, had fled and left me alone; when no one came near to help me, then this man that we yelled to in the storm, came unsolicited and came every day and stood to the windward side of the house and asked after my needs. But, said father again, 'I would have done that for him, although smallpox in those days was looked upon as death itself. But I wouldn't go with Jake tonight if he gave me all of his money. Common sense wouldn't permit me to go into those mountains tonight. It's only a few hours till morning, then I'd go, but not tonight, no siree! I owe too much to my own family.'"

"That afternoon, Jake came from the mountains; he had reached there just at daybreak, he said. No one was stirring around the log cabin; said he called but no one came. He finally went in and found them all sick and in bed. Hunt asked him to see about the children over a few beds away from his. He said, 'I ain't got them to answer since yesterday some time. And they ain't none of them taken their medicine lately.'"

"Jake was looking them over when he slowly took his hat off. He found that out of the large family, four of the children were dead, so he came to town after coffins and medicine, and was soon on the way back with the doctor. Then next day he came as a funeral all by himself; he had hitched his mare with Hunt's mule, and as he passed through town with four small coffins in the vehicle on his way to the

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

It was a glib story. But then, Vincent Rowland was a glib person. Everything about him had a polished ring of insincerity. In my own mind I could not decide whether to believe his explanation or not. Nor could I tell how his account had registered with Thatcher Colt. For the Police Commissioner began a machine-gun fire of cross-examination that took the attorney completely by surprise. He had not suspected Colt's mastery of the deadly art of inquisition.

Had Rowland known anything about scorpions? Had he any fear of Doctor Baldwin? Did he know a man by the name of Ricardo Villafraña?

"Why were you late in starting out last night?"

"Late?"

"Yes! Christine and Guy Everett went to the Lion's Paw. Originally you planned to go with them. You told us that at the Mayfair. Why didn't you all go together?"

"I don't know."

"Don't quibble. You had that quarrel here. Chung told us that. What were you quarreling about?"

Vincent Rowland shrugged his shoulders.

"I have told you that. I warned her that she was going to get herself in trouble. As a matter of fact, and here the old attorney cleared his throat as if resolved to tell the truth and shame the devil, 'she made demands on me for a large loan. I knew it was black mail, and I resented it as such.'"

"That makes it look worse!" cried Dougherty.

"I had every motive in the world to kill Lola," agreed Vincent Rowland placidly. "But I didn't do it. I had no motive to kill the others. And I didn't do that, either."

"We are not proceeding as directly as I intended, but we are obtaining facts, nevertheless," observed Thatcher Colt with a faint smile on his tanned face. "There remains the reconstruction of Lola's murder. If we can do that accurately, I think the case can be definitely solved. I mean by that, we shall be able to prove conclusively the guilt of the killer."

Here his eyes traveled slowly from Guy Everett back to Vincent Rowland.

"You two gentlemen," he said, "have acknowledged that circumstances point suspiciously at you. Yet you both very properly insist that we complete our case before accusing you."

"Then what is our case?"

"We are all familiar with what happened outwardly last night. The District Attorney reached here last night in company with the police. Although we did not know it, Christine Quires was already dead and suspended from a flag-pole support outside Lola's window. None of us could have known that. Where, meanwhile, was her assassin?"

"Remember, gentlemen, that her assassin was still near the scene, ready to strike again."

relatives, had fled and left me alone; when no one came near to help me, then this man that we yelled to in the storm, came unsolicited and came every day and stood to the windward side of the house and asked after my needs. But, said father again, 'I would have done that for him, although smallpox in those days was looked upon as death itself. But I wouldn't go with Jake tonight if he gave me all of his money. Common sense wouldn't permit me to go into those mountains tonight. It's only a few hours till morning, then I'd go, but not tonight, no siree! I owe too much to my own family.'"

"We really hated to go to bed, it was such a pleasure to have such a character so forcibly impressed upon our minds. Morning came, the poor landscape looked bewildered; it had been through an awful night. The trees were resting; . . . they looked tired and worn out. The streams were out of their banks, and we heard of some bridges that were gone, down on the prairie. We were afraid we would hear that Jake's body had been found. We went over to see his wife and see if his horse had come home, and his family were naturally as much worried as we, though no news had come from him."

"That afternoon, Jake came from the mountains; he had reached there just at daybreak, he said. No one was stirring around the log cabin; said he called but no one came. He finally went in and found them all sick and in bed. Hunt asked him to see about the children over a few beds away from his. He said, 'I ain't got them to answer since yesterday some time. And they ain't none of them taken their medicine lately.'"

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"Henry, will you go into that room there, please, and bring me the only framed photograph in the room?" asked Colt.

"And, curiously, a letter had been written warning of that impending stroke."

"The reason for the writing of that letter is one of the main clues in this case. At no time has that ever been out of my mind. The same is true of the killing of the dog and the parrot. If there was no logical reason for those things, if they were caprices of the killer, nevertheless they were important because they betrayed a psychological condition. If we understand that condition, we shall then be that much nearer to the guilty one. The reasons for the deaths of the dog and parrot are simple enough—the murderer was experimenting with the scorpions to be sure they could kill."

"But what reason could there be for the note of warning?"

"It must be found in the twisted brain of the killer. It betokened a motive that was deeper and darker than mere expediency. It meant malice, the desire to inflict suffering, fever, torment, horror—and a vast egotism that is a concomitant of such hatred, an egotism that will despise safety itself. Therefore, I felt from the beginning we were dealing with a crime of revenge."

The doorbell rang. At the sound of it, Thatcher Colt's face lighted up. It was as if all this time he had been playing for time, waiting for the coming of an important messenger.

It was indeed a messenger from Police Headquarters, none other than Captain Israel Henry, the sil-

ver-haired guardian of the Commissioner's private suite. The sight of Captain Henry gave me a premonitory thrill. If the papers in the office's hand were so important that only he could be entrusted with them, Thatcher Colt must indeed have a surprise up his sleeve.

In the gravest silence, Thatcher Colt received the envelope, and broke the seal. Several papers, including two rumpled cablegrams and a photo—more, a telephoto—were found inside. We all had to wait while Thatcher Colt read them through, not once but three times. "Thank you, Henry," he said, at last. The police officer was about to leave when Colt's suddenly lifted glance stayed him. "And now, Henry, will you go into that room there, please, and bring me the only framed photograph in the room—it is on the dresser."

Colt was pointing to the boudoir of Lola Carewe. That picture again—which Colt had returned by messenger—the picture of Basil Boucher—the picture of Basil Boucher—sent us more facts about that unhappy young man? And, even so, what possible connection could there be between that mildewed old love affair three thousand miles away and these New Year deaths in New York City? I could not understand Colt's obsession with that photograph; with the whole, manifestly irrelevant matter of Basil Boucher. The young Pacifican bank clerk was dead. Dead years ago! Then why? The next moment I reproached myself.

(To Be Continued)
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the 48 states of the union. And the cost was less than \$100,000; and about half what it would be at present, or would have been in any period in the past 50 years. (Continued tomorrow.)

TWO HAVE OPERATIONS
SILVERTON, Aug. 4.—Clara Baltimore, the daughter of Helge Rue, underwent a major operation at the Silvertown hospital Wednesday morning. Mrs. Baltimore stood the operation well it was said. She is being cared for by Mrs. Herman Rue, her sister-in-law. Mrs. H. H. Ballengrud, who underwent a major operation at the local hospital Tuesday morning, is doing very well it was reported Wednesday.



Have Money FOR SUCCESS

MONEY SAVED paves the road to success. You DETOUR and DELAY success when you throw away your money.

How much of your last pay check have you saved? Do you OWE for everything you have? Do some thinking!

START SAVING REGULARLY NOW

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SALEM, ORE.
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A Strong Bank, Thoughtfully Managed